

The True Northerner.

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Local News

Paw Paw and Vicinity

Father Clarkson and Miss Anna are in Chicago this week.

Frank Miller returned Friday from a business trip in Chicago.

Ford Sheldon is the new clerk at the Eaton and Mosier store.

Charles Summy and wife spent the first of the week in Detroit.

Eber Bennett came from Camp Custer to spend Christmas with his mother.

Clare Perry of the M. A. C. was the week end guest of Miss Marian Mutchler.

Mrs. Bertha Harrison of Kalamazoo was the New Years guest of Paw Paw relatives.

Rev. Arthur Trott of the M. E. church is confined to his home on account of illness.

Prof. Harry Gottheimer returned Wednesday evening from a holiday trip to Leslie and Ann Arbor.

Frank Van Vleck of Bondurant, Wyoming, is a guest at the home of his brother Dr. A. E. Van Vleck.

An accident to the engine of the afternoon train Wednesday necessitated several hours delay in Kalamazoo.

Wednesday night was the coldest of the year to-date. Thermometers of the village registered twenty below zero.

Joseph H. Allen has accepted a position as blacksmith in Kalamazoo and moved his household goods there on Thursday.

George Longwell Jr. of Battle Creek was the guest of his parents and Mrs. E. B. Longwell a part of the week.

Francis Shaefer came home from Lansing to spend the first day of the year with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shaefer.

Bert Wheeler's country home near Attawan burned to the ground the first of the week. Very little was saved from the house.

The next meeting of the Coterie comes next Wednesday. This will be the annual election of officers, and a full attendance of the members is desired.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McKendrick who have spent the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. Will Stanley and family at Battle Creek returned on Wednesday evening.

Miss Marie Williams former teacher in the Paw Paw schools is the guest of Mrs. Blaine Warner this week. Miss Williams teaches in Muskegon this year.

Among the recent promotions at Camp Custer was the name of Edward McLogan promoted to the rank of Major. He is a nephew of our townsman, C. C. Chappell.

Mrs. Bertha North called on Paw Paw friends Thursday. She has returned from Chicago to spend the balance of the winter with her daughter Mrs. F. M. Bailey and family in Hartford and assist in the care of her little grand daughter.

Among the students returning to the M. A. C. this week are Clifford Pugsley, Paul Neale, Roscoe Martin and Miss Marian Mutchler.

At a meeting of the directors of the Paw Paw Savings bank last Friday the following organization was perfected. Glenn E. Warner, President; Judge David Anderson, Vice president; Charles R. Morrison, Thomas Woodman, Ruben Allen, E. J. Dayton and Howard B. Allen, directors.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Salisbury has been the scene of many happy holiday gatherings, but the one this year was probably the most important and happy event ever held at this hospitable home. It was at this gathering that the engagement of their daughter, Nina Valene to Earl H. Snow of Gilford, Montana was made. The date of the happy event has not yet been announced but will probably be some time in the early spring. Both young people are graduates of the Paw Paw schools and are held in high esteem by all who know them.

Lynn Free returned Monday from a business trip to Chicago.

Mrs. Flora Lane of Lansing is a guest at the A. Lynn Free home.

The Guild club members met with Mrs. Stanley Briggs Thursday evening.

Harley Mutchler left Wednesday for Ann Arbor where he is attending school.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McKellar and family spent Christmas with Nellie Betaque.

Maurice White has gone to the Borgess Hospital in Kalamazoo for an operation.

Mr. DeRocher of Berlamont spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Allison Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schunerman had the children all home to eat goose for Christmas.

The Past Grands of the I. O. O. F. are requested to be at the Hall on January 18th.

Howard Parks was home from Camp Custer to spend the week end with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Winterscheid entertained Mr. and Mrs. Date Orr and Grove for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Burt and family spent Friday last with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bates in Lawton.

Miss Ella White has returned from a visit with relatives and friends in Hammond and Chicago.

Ernest Stelter of Chicago has purchased the Bert Green farm and is moving his family here.

The Presbyterian club met at the church parlors Thursday evening and enjoyed a Pot Luck supper.

Miss Margaret Cole was a guest of Mrs. John Latschaw and daughter Carrie in Allegan for the week end.

Miss Emma Keefer has returned to The Baldwin Sanitarium after spending Christmas and New Years at home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Larkins spent Sunday at Glendale with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sherrod. Mrs. Sherrod is in very poor health.

Elmer E. Johnson was home from Detroit to spend Christmas with his folks, Mr. and Mrs. R. Larkins. He has a fine position there.

All Past Grands of the I. O. O. F. who participated in the contest will please reserve space for turkey at the Odd Fellows Hall on January 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Burhans returned from their wedding trip Sunday evening and are now housekeeping in the Harry Nash residence on Paw Paw street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Raymond entertained at New Year's dinner, their son Roy and family from Sask. Canada, Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fike and son Kenneth of Oshtemo.

A Pot Luck dinner will be served at the Memorial Hall on January 12th, to all W. R. C. members and husbands, also all old veterans and wives. All present are invited to remain for installation of the newly elected officers.

F. N. Wakeman and family spent the week end and New Years day with the Epleys at the Hotel Phoenix in Charlotte. They report the Epleys all well, happy and prosperous. The hotel they are conducting in that place would do credit to a city many times the size of Charlotte, and the people evidently appreciate it.

The Robert McGuire home southeast of Paw Paw burned to the ground last Friday. Mrs. McGuire was getting dinner when the fire was discovered but it had a big start and practically everything in the house was lost. A defective chimney was the cause. The family have moved into the Glenn Elliot house for the winter.

Our neighboring village of Lawrence suffered another bad fire last Sunday, when the "Five and Ten Cent store" on Main street burned to the ground. A call was sent out to the neighboring towns and Paw Paw and Hartford responded. The former with the hose cart and the latter with their chemical engine. The fire was confined to the building of its origin, which was a total loss.

Fred Mau was in Kalamazoo on business Wednesday.

E. H. Colby made a business trip to Kalamazoo on Wednesday.

Mrs. H. A. Sherman was a Kalamazoo visitor on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. David Thayer entertained his mother from Kalamazoo last week.

Miss Helen Patterson of Chicago is a guest at the home of her aunt Mrs. N. C. Chappell.

The ladies of the Klatter Klub will meet with Mrs. Blaine Warner next Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Barbara Flook returned to her home in Chicago after a visit at the home of her son F. J. Kroth.

Mrs. V. A. Lepper of Lawrence was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Parks several days this week.

Mrs. H. A. Sherman entertained a niece Miss Nellie Trowbridge of Detroit and a sister from Big Rapids last week.

Friday January 25th, has been designated as "Michigan Day." More will be said about the plans for the day in a later issue.

The daughters of the Coterie announce an open meeting on January 9th, and all members are urgently requested to be present. There will be a literary program.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Young entertained his brother, Dr. G. F. Young and family of South Haven, C. N. Hathaway and family and Mrs. Whitman on New Years day.

Mr. M. C. Wheaton has as holiday guests, Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe A. Wheaton and Mark of Cadillac, Harry Wheaton of Chicago and Miss Grace McDaniels of Dowagiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, son Charles and Mrs. Georgette Stearns returned a few days ago from a visit with relatives in Chicago.

Miss Analdyne Lyle spent New Years day the guest of friends in Sturgis. She is teaching in Covert this year and is home for the vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Van Vleck and daughter returned from Macon, Mo, where they have been guests at the home of her parents for several weeks.

There was a reception at the M. E. church on New Years day for Mr. and Mrs. James Bale Jr. About seventy-five were present. A chicken pie dinner was served and a delightful time was reported.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pike spent New Years in Battle Creek the guest of their son. Mr. Pike returned home Wednesday evening, Mrs. Pike remaining in Lawton where she is caring for her grandchildren.

Rev. Percy Nichols, new pastor of the Presbyterian church is spending the week here calling on his parishioners. He will occupy the pulpit on Sunday and be here permanently hereafter.

Judge David Anderson and Attorney Earl Burhans are in Milwaukee this week for a hearing before the Industrial Accident Board of the state of Wisconsin in the matter of the accidental death of Earl Healy last fall.

Every person should become a member of the Red Cross society. If you are not personally solicited before Saturday, plan to pay your dollar and become identified with the organization on that day, when members of the society will be at the various stores in the village for that purpose.

Interesting Letters

From Mrs. Lillian Ulness in Christiania, Norway. Mrs. Ulness is a sister of our townsman, Alva Burt, and this letter was written to a sister in Marshalltown, Iowa. It is printed in full as it will give some idea of the suffering, the trials and tribulations of the inhabitants of the small neutral countries in Europe.

I have received your letter, it was a long time on the way as it has been opened by censor, but I received it alright. I am glad to hear you are all well.

Our dear Emily passed from this life February 18th. It was over two months before we heard of her death. Her husband wrote and sent pictures taken the day after her burial. The one was her husband, Fred Linness, kneeling with their little girl beside him by the grave, covered with the loveliest flowers as only California has in a February month.

He stood over Emily night and day the last two weeks, tho' they had a nurse. They knew what true love was as few do. He was everything for her and she for him, and they almost worshipped their baby girl. But she had to leave it all. She has had so many hard things to pass through in coming to a strange country alone, and now she had a nice home and all she could wish. But Gods ways are not our ways, and yet His ways are the best, the very best, if we could only see them in their right light. Three of my children are now on the other side, and I only have three left. Emily died trusting in Him who died for us, and my Agnes fairly sprang to Heaven, so great was her delight that "God would really have her already," as she said over and over, O how ripened she was for a heaven full of love and purity. My baby boy was only a month old. The three I have left are good faithful trusted girls, loved by all. God has been good to me with my children.

Beulah and Lilly are at present in the same family. They are such good friends that they can hardly be away from one another. Beulah is parlor maid and Lilly nurse-girl. Lilly was in a clothing store seven months last winter, but food is so costly that we can hardly have them at home, as they can only clothe themselves with the salary they have there, so we thought it best for them to take places in good families where they are able to have more food.

Norway has been spared from war, but it is a hard time for the small neutral states in Europe. They are too weak to go to war. They would be only a little taste for the enemy. They are in no way prepared for war. The few warships they have can be done away with in a half hour. A country with such a coast line as Norway has, as may easily be supposed, lives by the sea,—in fishing and in trade with other countries. More than three hundred boats have been sunk for us during the war, and new ones are sunk every day and many a day, since the German blockade. America will only let us have food, if we, in exchange, bring food to England and France, and to come out on the North Sea is to mean to be sunk. A great many lives have been lost but Norwegian sea men are willing to make the sacrifice, to get food into the country,—food and fuel. Oh what time will the world learn to whom Him, who is the Prince of Peace.

When Sievert was in America I took a lot over in our name, and have since been making payments on it. We have potatoes and a few vegetables there, but it lies three English miles from where we live and it is hard to go back and forth to work it. I have been wanting to put up a little "hut" as they call them here, where Esther and I can live all summer, as it is also much healthier there than here in the city in the warm weather. This week the carpenters are going to begin on it. Think, it will cost about \$220.00 just that little bit of a building. But it will keep us both from starving, to be able to raise a little food there. It is God's good gift to us. I don't know where the means are coming from to pay for it, but as it is a dire necessity and God has promised to supply our needs, I know it is going to go through. I will send you a little picture of it when it is finished. I love this country and this people and have no wish to leave them. We are working in the interests of "Peace on earth, good will toward all men," and that is what the world needs.

Esther, our baby, is thirteen years old, and begins next week after vacation in a higher school. She learns so easily and wants to be a teacher. How big your boy is, and your little girl, who was not born when I was there, is now a large girl.

You spoke about money sending. An international Money Order is perfectly safe in sending. I have made several mistakes in this letter as English is not as easy for me as it used to be.

Well, now I have written quite a letter, which I hope you will receive. Oh, Inez, what it would mean for me to have a piece of every one of my friends in America in our little home. When I get the little house paid for. I will have to get water brought up from the street below us. I have to carry water a long ways two buckets at a time, and it nearly kills me. My breast is bad after every water carrying; but in times of war there is always a drought. Nothing in nature thrives when men are suffering. How little it would mean for all the wealthy Gliddenburgers to give me water, and what a blessing it would be to themselves. They don't know what it means to pull through hard places.

Well now I guess you will think I am writing too much this time. Give my love to our stepmother, to Alva and family and to George and family if you write to them. Sievert is in Northern Norway.

Letter from Harry W. Miller, of M. G. Co. 108th, Infantry U. S. A. at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. to his mother, Mrs. W. K. Miller. Harry joined the National Guard at Buffalo, N. Y. two years ago, and served with the soldiers on the border in Mexico. He was transferred to the Federal army at the beginning of the war.

Another short letter. We are still having winter, we had a regular blizzard a week ago and there has been a foot of snow on the ground ever since. You should see a few thousand soldiers out in a big field plodding through the snow in their drills, all wearing overcoats.

We keep a fire in the tent day and night, which is the only thing that keeps us comfortable. It is trying to snow right now, it being gray and dull outside.

The electric lights went out this morning, leaving the tents dark as caves. Being an old campaigner, I had a remedy for that. We went out and got next to a nice big new window. This I put in the tent over the door. So it is like a regular home. I've built a table and writing desk and raised the tent so that the thirty inch sides are five feet two.

We went five of us in this tent, over to the 71st, camp and sawed down a black oak tree and was just getting away with the log when the whole regiment came down after us. Several first sergeants and all. We had to leave it of course and also had to put up some clever alibies to get away with our lives and liberty. Wood is thought more of than gold these cold days. That's why we go to all extremes to get it. The government brought 40,000 of us down here with our tents and gave a stove to each tent. But it overlooked the little item of fuel. But they can't goop a soldier.

I received that package from Mrs. Finch. It had a seal on it "Do not open until Xmas," but we can't allow packages laying around, so I opened it. I wore the Sox to bed last night, being just what I needed. Now I need a knitted skull cap and a pair of wristlets, also a pair of mittens. That's all this time. Oh, yes; do I get some cookies and cakes? Send them parcels post.

I wrote Estella last night in Kazoo, as she has written me a few lines before. Our pay is being held up this month, as the payrolls are all balled up on account of the allotments which the boys have made. There is \$1,200,000 to be taken out of our pay in this camp for Liberty Bonds, and \$160,000,000 in insurance, the pay for which must also come out of our pay. Then the allotments which everyone with dependents must make.

How are the conscripts at Battle Creek taking the situation? Are they getting any clothing? We have our heavy underwear, and they issued us a heavy O. D. cotton comforter last week. It was welcome to, believe me. A regular heavy quilt.

I've just had to make a box for the cooks, to put salt, pepper and paprika in, then I put a big cardboard around the stovepipe to throw the heat down around the tent.

We are getting extraordinarily fed nowadays. The best we've had yet in the army. The kitchen having been reorganized, new mess-sergeants and new cooks, except the one I broke in on the border, he is still on the job.

I'm back again, I've taken in my washing, ironed the handkerchiefs and stock ties, pressed my good breeches, then retreat and supper, and our wood supply nearly exhausted. A long Sunday evening and cold night to live through.

After supper it was about dusk, and something had to be done. We couldn't steal from the kitchen or mess hall, they are wise to us and had it locked or under surveillance, when this cold spell commenced, there were a couple of thousand soldiers in the trenches. The powers that be, didn't get wise to themselves and take the boys out until a couple of them had died. We were taken out the evening before the storm started. But the fact that there was no men in the trenches meant that we could cut across them into "No mans' land" and cut down a tree. You see the war was called off until a sunny day. Over in "No mans' land" was the nearest trees, there was an order against cutting them down, but we had no wood and it was getting dark, and regulations don't mean so much after dark.

It seemed that we jumped a hundred trenches. We had a choice of oak or pine, but from past experiences we learned that green pine wouldn't burn—worth a darn, so we picked out a nice young white oak. After sawing it down we sawed a piece off of the butt of it. I know that kind of wood, but the boys insisted on cutting off twice as much as I wanted them too, consequently we broke all of our belts trying to drag it away. We finally buried it in the snow for future reference and chopped off a bunch of branches and was satisfied to drag them across all those trenches. We have them sawed up and we're comfortable.

When we went it was beastly cold and a foot of snow on the ground. Not having any gloves yet I pulled on my new bed socks to keep my hands warm, then when I got back here your package was lying on my cot. The bunch immediately pounced on the candy but I managed to save half of it for future consumption. The wristlets of course are just it, being very much needed, so I can save the bed socks.

I enjoyed the Northerner very much but not half as much as the rest of the tent. They have been in an uproar since it arrived. They try to kid me about P. P.

Letter from Raymond L. Haworth, Machine Gun Co. No. 1, 28th, U. S. Infantry, "Somewhere in France," to his Paw Paw friends through The True Northerner:—

I feel as though I was tackling one of the hardest jobs I have undertaken in trying to thank the Paw Paw people for their kindness in sending the tobacco. It was a big surprise and treat to all of us, and I hope that you can help in some way in thanking them all. Tobacco is nearly as important as our "Chow" to us and every one considers himself lucky when he gets it from home. Have to fight now to keep the bunch away from my own packages, they seem to think that everything I get is as much theirs as mine since we received the tobacco.

I am sorry that I can't give you any details of our life over here, but the various articles I have seen in different magazines and papers describes it very well.

It is a beautiful country over here, and you can't blame the French for fighting the way they are, their country is worth it and any one would feel like fighting after they had seen what the "Bosche" left behind. The people are very friendly to us and the "Poilus" are the best of pals and will break their necks to do anything for us. The hardest part of all is trying to understand each other, it didn't take us very long to learn how to ask each other for tobacco or a light, but the rest comes hard.

The folks send the home papers, and I watch for them every time mail comes. There is a fellow in the company whose home is in Decatur and we both know several of those who have been drafted. I wish I could see some one from home.

I feel ashamed that I have not written before but several things have come up and I really couldn't get time. Guess I will have to quit now as it is getting dark. Please thank all the folks whose names were in the packages and let them know that it hit every man exactly in the right place.